could not forget beneath the Florence Campanile of Giotto the more hapless loves of Paolo and Francesco; so we can never approach the Ktab without a tribute to those deathless lovers of Asia. It has been remarked that the country of Hindustan is a land of extremes in both worlds, physical and spiritual; that as it has loftier mountains and deeper valleys than any other, so it has produced mightier sages, viler vices. That the atmosphere of India acts as a forcing-house on the character of those who live in it, both European and native, as a hothouse forces growths, both beautiful and baneful.

So Prithiraj and Sunjogta may perhaps stand as typical of their race, and of their country, as the concentrated essence of the spirit of India, as extremists in the ecstasies of their passion, the height of their renunciation.

When we last visited the Ktab, it was in the rains. No harsh American twang aroused the peacock's wail, no hideous apparition in

travelling tweeds hunted the jackals away from
the deserted corridors and the pointed arches
of the great mosque. For Islam had' confis-
cated the halls where Prithiraj and Sunjogta
loved. But the exquisite stone carvings of

Krishna,